

AN OPTIMIST.

Shal, I, by Life's close commonplaces hedged,
Mistake the casual sunbeam, or, austere,
Regarding the wild flower pale, chance-rooted here,
Scorning the song-bird this dull thicket hedged?
Nay! Heart's ease, Fortune, I have never pledged,
A hostage for thy favor all too dear.
Ah, Heaven's light downshineth strangely near,
When outward view hath long been casement-edged.
Though grim mischance with evil hour conspire,
The balanced soul they shall not oversway,
Nor circumstance abash, nor failure bar,
They vex me not, the lamps of old desire,
Unlighted in the bare room of to-day.
Somewhere the morning waits! Meanwhile a star.

—Century.

Love Me, Love My Dog

MY name is Persephone, and I am said to resemble my mother, Pandora, who, as far as her puppies go, certainly holds the traditional gift box. For all my brothers and sisters are prize-takers, I myself don't go to shows, because I am nervous and hate being stared at.

I am proud of being the poodle, and a French one into the bargain. 'Tis only jealousy that makes other dogs sneer at me, just as I have seen human canaille sneer—at a safe distance.

My young mistress is the prettiest creature living. I used to think her one of the most sensible until she got friendly with Mr. Roff, who then was, and I thought ever would be, my pet abomination in trousers.

Phyllis and I live with an old lady who is fond of us both, but she is very strict with Phyllis, who calls her—behind her back—"the ogre-aunt."

Mr. Roff laughed until his eyes were lost when she first said it to him. I longed to tell him what I thought of him, and wondered how he would look then.

Phyllis had been getting very thick with this young man—whose laugh startled me almost out of my skin—when one day she fell from her bicycle.

I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Roff was lying by her side. Something he said made her color hotly, then, pedaling the coming hill with all her might.

Suddenly she rode over a stone, swerved to one side, and before I could reach her fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

I scampered to the spot and began to howl for help, while Mr. Roff jumped off his machine, as white as death, and stooped over her.

"Be quiet, you brute!" he muttered, glaring at me, and I knew that if he could he would put the blame on me and say that I upset her.

But of course, I paid no attention to him, but howled again, until at last some passerby came and fetched a cab and took them home.

The house was very quiet for many days, and I felt wretched. The "ogre-aunt" crept about weeping. Once she put her arms round my neck and wept over me. I suspected from that that she was getting short of handkerchiefs and took care to keep out of her way; for I do not like to have my neck curls made all damp and untidy. I was very neglected. No one brushed me.

At last I was summoned to my darling's room and crept in nervously. My heart was beating very loudly and my eyes were dim with tears of joy. Such a thin little hand patted my uncombed head, such a weak little voice said: "Dear doggie, do you miss me very much?" Miss her! Of course I did. And with her all my pet titbits, my little walks, my scampers after balls. So I wagged my tail and smiled up at her.

Little by little she got better, and well enough to comb me and send me for my ribbons. I knew the colors well and always brought the one she said.

But one morning my feelings received a shock. Phyllis had a letter and was very silly about it, kissing it as though it were a dog or two-legged being. Still I minded that less than if it had been Mr. Roff.

"Oh, Phoney, listen!" she whispered, as she combed my hair. "I am sure you will understand, you dear old thing! I've such a dear letter from him, and he wants my answer, Phoney—the answer I would not give the day I met with my accident."

I dropped my ears and lowered my tail. By him I knew she meant Mr. Roff. But what answer did she allude to? I looked inquiringly into her gentle, blue eyes.

She laughed and kissed me on the nose.

"You dear old thing! I will read it to you, Phoney."

And she pulled it from her pocket and read out a lot of rubbish that seemed quite unintelligible to me. But then, I always thought Mr. Roff half an idiot, and wondered at Phyllis liking him. Then came a few words that made me sit up I can tell you.

"Let that poodle of yours be made use of for once. If it is to be 'yes' put on her a blue ribbon. If 'no' a yellow one. I shall call to-day, and if I see the color I long for on that black creature's head I shall at once board the steam and assert my rights."

"Phoney, it shall be blue! Fetch blue, darling," said Phyllis, with a joyful smile.

And I walked slowly out of the room to the basket beyond. When I brought the blue ribbon back she looked at it.

"What had I said my poodle. Whatever you were to wear, Mr. Roff would see it at the end of my

ribbon. But I meant him to read "no." I would show him that a dog of my breeding could be something more than a mere catspaw in his plot.

I rolled over and scratched until the ribbon came off and lay on the ground. Then I trotted into the garden with it and buried it in my favorite corner, where I hide my best bones.

I knew I was doing wrong, but Phyllis would not really mind, and I owed Mr. Roff a grudge or two.

Often when my ribbon came off I used to take it to my friend the parlor maid and get her to put it on again. So now, as I sneaked down from the boudoir with a yellow one in my mouth and met her at the foot of the stairs, she said with a laugh:

"What, your fine bow off again, Phoney? What an untidy dog!"

I wagged my tail as she tied it on. For civility lowers no one, and she is a nice girl. Then I sat down on the doormat to watch for Mr. Roff.

At last the gate clicked and he came up the steps with a light spring. But as his eyes fell on me such a look of astonished despair crept into his face that my heart quaked within me and I hung my head.

He stooped over me as though he could not believe his eyes, and as I felt his warm breath on my face I rolled over on to my back in terrified submission.

"Silly brute," he murmured, "get up. Have you been stealing? Don't give yourself away like that, Phoney!"

He looked at me fixedly without saying anything. Then, stooping again, he took off my ribbon and stuffed it into his pocket.

That night Phyllis was worse, and no one could understand why. And the next day she lay silent, looking out of her window with such distressed eyes that I could not bear to look at her.

And Mr. Roff did not come near the house, which proved that he had really meant goodby.

At last I could stand it no longer. Surely Mr. Roff could make things right again. I would go to him.

So one afternoon I crept silently out into the road. He did not live far off, and, as fate would have it, I came across him outside his garden gate. He smiled when he saw me.

"Why, Phoney! Come to see your friend," he exclaimed; "you're only just in time, my girl. I start tonight."

I wagged my tail and opened my mouth. At his feet I laid the earth-soiled blue ribbon. He stared at me in amazement. "Phoney, you're a brick! You're trying to tell me there's been some mistake. I'm coming back with you to make sure. Lead on, you imitation Mephistophiles, and may the real one have you if I'm misreading you!"

"What a race that was! I felt myself really warming to him for understanding me so well."

And, when we got to the house, I crept stealthily in through the open door, enticed him up, until we stood like two thieves within the boudoir, where Phyllis lay on a couch by the window.

As she turned her head to look at me her eyes fell upon him, and she crimsoned with delight. Then suddenly she became quite pale, and said in a cold voice:

"Good evening, Mr. Roff."

He stepped up to her, and held out the ribbon I had given him.

"Phyllis," he asked, "is this the ribbon you put on Phoney that morning?"

She stared from him to me. I crept beneath the couch, but I kept my ears open.

"Yes," she murmured. "But—"

The words were never said, for with a sudden exclamation he threw himself on his knees by her side, and took her to his arms.—St. Louis Star.

A Sum in Addition.

Mrs. Flaherty stepped off the scales in the back room of the grocery store as soon as she had stepped on.

"Sure, these scales is no gud fr me," she said, in a tone of deep disgust. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh wan hundred an' noineety pounds."

"It's easily discouraged ye are," said her companion, Mrs. Dempsey, cheerfully. "Just step on to them twict, me dear, and let Jamesy, here, do th' sunn fr ye."

When you begin to notice a man's name in the financial columns of a newspaper it is time to look for his wife's name in the society columns.

Reference books contain everything except the one thing you want to know.

NEGROES OWN TOWN.

Goldsboro, Fla., with Three Hundred Souls, Has No White Person.

Society folk from the Northern and Western cities who have visited Florida during the past season have displayed a keen interest in the Florida negro, writes a correspondent for the New York Telegram.

A unique town in Florida is Goldsboro, a place peopled entirely by negroes. Goldsboro is 127 miles from Jacksonville, on the Atlantic Coast Line railway, between the Florida metropolis and Tampa. Within its precincts no white person nor member of any other nationality is found and a negro mayor and negro council dictate the destinies of the community. A negro postmaster appointed under a democratic administration has charge of the mail service and dark-skinned night watchmen look after the stores and shops between sun and sun.

The school system is, of course, operated under the regular guidance of the public school laws of the state and applicants for positions as pedagogues are examined by the Orange county school board.

Withal Goldsboro, which has 300 population, is well governed. There are few radical disorders. The town jail is in great disrepute and the population pays its taxes about on an average with the ratio of whites in other Florida communities. With only few exceptions negroes own every foot of land in Goldsboro, and that which they do not own they are purchasing on the installment plan from white people who hold deeds for the properties.

The town is ten years old from the point of incorporation and there have never been any riots or unusual disorders to mar its records.

The community is very religious and has three churches with rapidly growing membership rolls. A unique spectacle on Sundays during the spring and summer of each year is to see the devotional exercises attendant upon the administration of the rites of baptism, which is not conducted without loud and fervent crescendoes of thankfulness.

Goldsboro, however, has its sinners. It has one chronic sinner who belongs to no church in particular and it is reported among his own people that Uncle Abe professed religion twenty-one different times in one spring and summer—and was baptized that number of times, or seven times by each church in the settlement—each time falling back in the mire of the wicked.

The negro municipality is the home of the independent voter. Each individual votes as his conscience dictates. The absence of white citizens has removed the source that frequently contaminates the negro voter, although it is told that upon one occasion an aldermanic election was bought through the influence of a barrel of whisky.

The relations between the town of Goldsboro and the neighboring town of Sanford, two miles distant, peopled mainly by whites, are friendly and there is an interchange of business between the two municipalities.

STORY OF "FIRELANDS" TOLD.

Fertile Ohio Region Recalls Benedict Arnold's Famous Connecticut Raid.

Unnumbered native Ohioans, not to speak of hundreds of thousands of residents of this State, who have come from foreign lands and other States of the American Union, must have wondered why a fertile and productive tract in northern Ohio, a district which in no way hints of the ravages of fire, should be called the "Firelands." Among all the vicissitudes of Ohio's early history great conflagrations were notable for their absence. No such terrible forest fires swept this State as ravaged large areas in Michigan and Wisconsin seventy or eighty years later.

The fires to which the name refers raged in Connecticut, not Ohio, and they were the work of British and Tory soldiers, instead of the result of accidents or natural causes. In 1781, when the long struggle for independence was nearly ended, Benedict Arnold commanded an expedition which ravaged the Connecticut coast of Long Island Sound. He burned New London and other towns and left behind misery and destitution as well as a more bitter hatred than he had earned before that outrage upon his native State.

This and other cruel and senseless attacks upon Connecticut towns left so strong a feeling of sympathy and injustice behind that in disposing of Connecticut's rights in lands now forming part of Ohio 781 square miles in the extreme western edge of the western reserve were set apart to be donated to sufferers by the British raids. Five ranges of townships running north and south were included in this tract.

Sandusky Bay and Lake Erie extend so far southward at this point that the five ranges of townships contained only about 500,000 acres of land. The tract measured some twenty-seven miles by thirty. The Connecticut sufferers, from the torch of the enemy lived chiefly in New London, Norwalk and Fairfield, and it was from those towns that many of the settlers of the "Firelands" came to build in the Ohio wilderness settlements bearing the same names and having like civic ideals and character.—Dayton Herald.

Prepared for the Worst.

"Do you mean to say," asked the optimist, "that the unexpected never happens to you?"

"Just so," replied the pessimist. "I've got so used to it that I always expect it now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

OLD FAVORITES

Rule Britannia.

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as these
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thus shall flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blasts that tear the skies
Serve but to rot thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

Thou haughty tyrant ne'er shalt tame
All their attempts to bend thee down;
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

To thee belongs the rural reign:
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never will be slaves.

THE FIRST BASEBALL GAME.

such a Novel Event That It Was Illustrated in a Weekly Paper.

The first newspaper report of a baseball game that I remember reading was an account of a game played at Hoboken, N. J., in 1850. It appeared in an illustrated weekly and was such a novel and interesting event that the weekly gave a double-page illustration, writes James L. Steele, in *Outing*.

There were no baseball schedules in those days, and nobody lay awake nights hatching up reasons why Harvard should not play Princeton and why Yale should play Pennsylvania. All that was needed was an occasion such as a Fourth of July celebration, a county fair, a house-raising or some other event of that nature. The occasion for this particular game was the entertainment given to a team of English cricketers then touring this country and defeating "United States' twenty-twos" with commendable regularity. We had evolved a game from the old English "rounders," which we called baseball, and we wanted to show our cousins what a high old game it was.

It may have been the "humors of the day" editor who wrote the report, which was as follows:

"Baseball differs from cricket, especially in there being no wickets. The ball is held high in the air. When the ball has been struck, the 'outs' try to catch it, in which case the striker is 'out,' or, if they cannot do this, to strike the striker with it when he is running, which likewise puts him 'out.'

"Instead of wickets, there are, at this game, four or five marks called bases, one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called 'home.'

"As at cricket, the point of the game is to make the most runs between bases; the party which counts the most runs wins the day."

The fact that the reporter thought it necessary to explain how the game was played indicates the extent of the public knowledge of baseball at that time, and even he wasn't quite sure whether there were four bases or five. When he says a base runner may be put out by hitting him with the ball he makes no mistake, for that was an actual fact, and it was considered a good play on the part of a base runner to draw a throw from the pitcher, for usually the runner would dodge the throw and gambol around the bases, while the fielders were hurrying after the ball.

This rule was abolished as soon as the game became popular, for a baseman, instead of touching a runner with the ball would often "soak" him at short range, which generally brought forth unprintable remarks from the soaks.

The artist in illustrating this game was not far behind the reporter. The picture shows us several hundred spectators and, with the exception of a few ladies and gentlemen seated in carriages, the only person sitting down in the entire assemblage is the umpire; and, as if to show the perfect tranquility of his mind and his contempt for foul tips, he leans gracefully back in his chair with his legs crossed. The basemen, instead of "playing off," are standing, each with one foot on his base, and a base runner is "glued to his base," although the pitcher is about to deliver the ball. In short, the general aspect of the field is enough to give a modern baseball captain nervous prostration.

REPLACING STEAM POWER.

New Gas Engine Is Coming Into Use—Use of Petroleum on Ships.

Writing under the title of "The Superseding of Steam Power" in the *World's Work*, Lewis Nixon says: "I have been led lately to think the

whole development of the steam engine, to the exclusion of the gas engine, has been a mistake and that we are now at the beginning of a new era in the use of power. Engineers could to-day gain better and more economical results by abandoning steam and using internal combustion engines, even in large establishments. The gain in economy of fuel will advance with the size of the establishment. With the internal combustion engine a brake horse-power can be produced on a pound of coal. This could not be done with steam under any condition.

So great a revolution has come about in methods of producing steam that a 10,000-ton cruiser of twenty-one knots an hour could to-day proceed around the world at fourteen knots without taking on fuel and without sacrificing any of her war efficiency. New kinds of engines have come into vogue which suggests facts larger even than this.

All engines using crude petroleum will be developed as soon as the demand is felt for them, but, even here, the fuel can be made into gas and burned thus with far greater economy than is possible when the oil itself is burned under boilers or gasolines can be used. In an ordinary 3,200 horse-power torpedo boat forty-three tons of coal would be used in ten hours. With gasoline the radius of activity of the same torpedo boat can be more than quadrupled, for 3,290 horse-power can be produced from 3,200 gallons of fuel. Briefly, 10,000 pounds of gasoline will do the work of 90,000 pounds of coal. The cost of the fuel is higher, but with a gasoline plant in a torpedo boat only two men are required in the engine room and none at all in the fire-room. The Gangers of steam at high pressure are avoided and the complexity of steam machinery done away with.

Owing to the certain saving to be secured in coal consumption and to the simplicity and reliability of the gas engine plant, we shall witness a gradual forcing out of the steam plants in future power plants for lighting, pumping or factory uses and it will be a question of only a short time before many of the existing steam plants will not be required.

CHEERFUL LITTLE CRIPPLE.

Passers-by Smiled and Pity'd Him in a Crowded Louisville Street.

Spinning along the concrete sidewalk at a speed that made pedestrians dodge into doorways and off the curb, a mite of a boy in his velvet-wheeled wagon, says a writer in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. The pedals were gone, and a second glance was necessary to learn by what power the machine was propelled. The wagon was propelled by the left hand of the little cripple, while his right hand deftly guided this new style of automobile and prevented mishaps, though the way was crowded. Lying limply in the bottom of the wagon bed and quivering with the speed of the locomotive were the legs of the little sufferer, withered.

The sun was shining brightly and the crowd was in a Sunday mood. Every one paused a moment to watch the pathetic sight. Dashing along with what seemed to be reckless abandon, his speed was not diminished as he approached a steep step-off. Men in the crowd bent forward as if they would catch the wee chauffeur and stall off the disaster that seemed about to happen. None was swift enough. With a skillful turn of the hand he directed his vehicle to the side and glided off the paving to the street without a wobble and with a smoothness that would make an ordinary automobile owner pale with envy.

Again he is on the sidewalk, and now he whistles a merry tune, not a whit put out by the exertion of propelling himself or of the inquisitive glances of the crowd. A street car dashes by, but it is no swifter than the little cripple, who leaves the pedestrians behind and drives calmly on, his hand muddy and his sleeve torn from tugging at the wheel, but his heart happy despite his withered limbs.

Are No Tramps in Germany.

To-day the lot of the laboring man in Germany is in many respects better than that of ours. The German state recognizes the right of every man to live—we do not. When the German laborer becomes old or feeble the state pensions him honorably. In Germany the laboring man can ride on the electric cars for 2 cents—we pay 5. German cities have public baths, public laundry establishments, big parks, free concerts and many other features which soften poverty—although they do not remove it.

The corollary to this is that the emperor permits no tramps to terrorize his highways. The police are organized for rural patrol as well as city work, and every loafer is stopped and made to give an account of himself. In England vagrancy has been a public nuisance for generations—with us it has become of late years almost a public danger. Germany has no tramps. The man who is without work in Germany finds no inducement to remain idle. A paternal government sets him to such hard work that the would-be unemployed finds it decidedly to his interest to seek some other employment as soon as possible.—*National Magazine*.

Scalp Is Replaced.

The surgeons of Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx have succeeded in replacing the scalp on the head of a young girl after it had been torn completely off by a revolving shaft in a mill.

A keen critic is apt to make cutting remarks.



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow has adopted the pen name of "N. M. W. Woodrow," in order to escape confusion with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

"A Channel Passage and Other Fancies" is to be the title of Mr. Swinburne's new book. To one who has crossed the British channel it is rather unpleasantly suggestive.

The Harpers are printing another impression of William Hamilton Gibson's famous book of nature study, "Sharp Eyes," which is exquisitely illustrated by the drawings of the author.

"Belgian Life in Town and Country" will be the next volume in Our European Neighbors Series, brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Among the many topics discussed are the types of women in Belgium.

Harper & Brothers are reprinting editions of Henry James' famous story of "Daisy Miller," George Elliot's novel "Theophrastus Such," and Justin McCarthy's "A History of the Four Georges and of William IV."

Miss Braddon, who is no longer young and who for a long time has sorely touched her pen, is about to bring out a new novel. It is a story of suburban life in the early Victorian period and is called "A Lost Eden."

The American Sportsman's Library will shortly be enriched by Hamilton Innes's book on "The Trotting and the Pacing Horse," which gives the detailed history of the famous American trotters and pacers and their records.

Thomas C. Dawson, author of "The South American Republics," in the G. P. Putnam's Sons' Story of the Nations Series, has been promoted to be United States minister to Santo Domingo from his post as secretary of legation in Rio de Janeiro.

The J. B. Lippincott Company is publishing new and inexpensive editions of some of their best novels. Among those which have appeared lately are "Sister Theresa," by George Moore; "The Carr's Pardon," by Rachel Penn, and "The Career of a Beauty," by John Strange Winter.

The Boston Natural History Society is preparing complete lists of the fauna of New England, of which the first part, containing the reptiles, has been issued in Occasional Papers. These lists are to prepare the way for a complete illustrated monograph of the fauna which the society proposes to publish.

John Lane is to issue a volume entitled "A Latter Peppys," being the correspondence of Sir William Weller Peppys, 1758-1825. Sir William was a relative of the great diarist and a prominent member of the Bas Bleu Society which Macaulay said was intellectually far the best in the kingdom at that period. Dr. Johnson described Sir William as prime minister, and as Queen of the Blues Mrs. Montagu.

LUXURY AND DEGENERATION.

Instinct of Race Preservation Begets a Longing for the Country.

Students of sociology have dwelt on the Anglo-Saxon habit of luxury as if it were an Anglo-Saxon habit, and not an implant from the Latin, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. They do not call it luxury, they name it comfort, and between the one and the other no line can be drawn, for what was extravagance in the last century is the common property of all classes in this. In housing, food, drink, clothing, transportation, ornament, domestic properties, the accessories of travel and hotel life, the every-day citizen expects and obtains more than did the noblemen and merchant three centuries ago. The effect of comfort, or luxury, is to draw men to the cities, where it is most easily bought; to add to the congestion already existing there; by that congestion to induce insanitary modes of life; through luxury to induce, also, a softness, a weakness, that make us the ready prey of disease, enfeeblement and eventual degeneration—physical, mental, moral.

Such, at least, is the theory, but an instinct, not merely of self-preservation, but of race preservation, begets in us a longing to return to the soil, to live in the country or on the shore, for some weeks or months in the year, to travel, to go abroad in ships and yachts, to climb, hunt, fish, play golf, to take walking, horseback, bicycling or automobile tours, to fill the eye with light and pleasing images and the lungs with unbreathed air, to regain the sense of beauty, to live more simply, and so to bring back the vitality that is sapped by artificial living in the cities.

Hard conditions make hardy men, if they are not too hard, and in the brief lapses from these conditions—the natural rest and uprising—there is greater happiness than in acquiring new luxuries, or the forgetting of one pleasure in a newer. The barefoot boy, fishing with a pin and whistling in his freedom, is not only healthier, stronger and of sturdier moral fiber, but is really happier than the pale, overworked city boy who has a hundred wants unknown to the rustic. Still, the country people are anxious for their share in the distribution of luxuries, and rightly so, for in their environment they are less injuriously affected by them, or affected at all.